

OZ

MARCH, No 26 20c





FORMAL WEAR

AS I MENTIONED FORMALLY THERE IS 10% OFF FOR LOYALTY TO ALL OF REMARKS

IT'S MAGIC

WIN A HEART

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WITH FORMAL WEAR

COMPETITION

Bogot jokes are sweeping America, which means pretty soon they'll be all the rage here. To help boost an indigenous joke-culture, OZ offers two years' free subscription for the best set of All Australian bogot jokes against Italians, Greeks, Asians and Aborigines.

Overseas samples

What's the roughest book in the world?

The Polish White Who

When does Ireland go to Church?

When her Cholesterol, normal and else

increased

How do you change the oil in a Polish

engine?

How does an Italian

Whistle red, white, blue, yellow, pink, green

and purple?

A Polish dressed up

What's the roughest book in the world?

Italian War Stories?

What do you call an Italian standing in a

couplet?

A shape ring

What does an Italian invariably say to

the garbage man when he asks, "How

much garbage today?"

18 take three bags.

What do you call a Polish girl running

away from her family?

A wife.

How do you know when an Italian has

dreamed?

By the oil stick around the post.

Why does it take for Italians to telegraph

anybody?

One does the kidnapping, the other four

write the answers.

Why do Italians always have garbage in

their pockets?

For identification.

Here is the National News from the

A.B.C. read by Jim Doherty.

A Coup d'Etat by certain members of the A.B.C. Melbourne staff against the loyalty observed by Head Office in Sydney, was carried out today between the hours of one and two p.m. It lasted exactly 10 minutes before the Manager unexpectedly returned to resume his duties from the chairs of an unpaid staff who were in the habit of dedicating his contents to that deserving charity organisation, the A.B.C. Staff Association. Upon discovery of the Coup, the three leaders were holed

ALL ABOUT OZ EDITORS

HUGH GOUGH and GERRY DOKE

STARRING

RICHARD NEVILLE and MARK

JIM SANDS and RITANE

LOAN "No Whipping Cream" and "Don't

Get into a Car with a Black Man"

in early parts. NEW, ROBERT GARY

SHEDD + PETER JONSTON

FRIGHTENED BY AN UNKINDLY OFFICIAL

MY LIA, CHAIRMAN, OF THE BOARD OF

TRAVEL

WOMEN

WOMEN

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before the Committee and promoted to high executive positions within the A.B.C. It is hoped that in time they will become highly confused with the Red Tape and thus lose their way forever in the maze of a benevolent Bureaucracy.

When asked to comment on the Coup, the Manager replied that "certain members of the A.B.C. were developing an inferiority complex as no one ever bothered to stage violent demonstrations or take-overs on the steps at Boardroom House as some people did in other fun loving countries such as Pre-Govett Russia, Indonesia, Ghana and the Congo." These remarks "he observed, "were merely endearing to rectify a deplorable situation." When asked how the A.B.C. bothered to check the political backgrounds of the leaders, the Manager replied, "I hardly think it's necessary now. Judging from their current actions as supporters of the Liberal Government, if they weren't, they'd have taken the damn place over long ago."

This news comes to you from the Australian Broadcasting Corporation.

In Melbourne today, the Leader of the Opposition in Sale, Mr. Coldwell, dined all members of disunion and strife within the ranks of the Australian Labour Party. Standing before his loyal band of three followers, he told them that, "Unity within my party is of a unique level never before have we been able to present such a front to the people of Australia." I speak with great confidence, he said, "that I shall be the next Prime Minister of Australia." When asked to comment about Mr. Whitlam's challenge to his leadership, Mr. Coldwell replied, "Gough is just a young lad letting off steam putting up emotional stunts." Mr. Whitlam's challenge to his party, Mr. Coldwell said, "is not a serious one. It only has a secondary benefit in that it has both of us cannot be the next Prime Minister."

Meanwhile in Sydney Mr. Whitlam was still fighting it out with members of a feminist Sect led by a White Haired Old Man of 72, at the Masonic International Air Terminal. The trouble apparently began when Mr. Whitlam was trying to board his aircraft for Moscow. A demonstrator ran across the tarmac screaming, "Down with the White Hair Old Man!" Mr. Whitlam I beg your pardon — I'll repeat that again. Mr. Whitlam turned to the demonstrator and accused him of being a "demonstrator of a revolutionary reactionary."

He further told the demonstrator that he should return to his home in Haberback Avenue and learn to take retirement gracefully. Commiseration, Security Police intervened on behalf of Mr. Whitlam and the shouting began. Late tonight, reports indicated that although the demonstrators were high on both sides, there seemed little hope of an early settlement.

Mr. Whitlam told an A.B.C. reporter that he was seriously considering asking for American Aid. He also expressed concern of the east with which the other side had managed to earn itself. "We suspect that some of our own arms are being smuggled to the enemy through the Ho Chi Mang trail of the back of the terminal building."

Melbourne police are still continuing their hunt for Australia's Prime Minister Mr. Harold Hunt. So far police have established the fact that Mr. Hunt lives in Parnoo Backbeach, a suburb of young girls or "contaminants" as he told observers. Police are anxious to interview a group of young ladies wearing bright coloured jumpers with "Los Angeles Thunderbolt" printed across them.

100% MALE

WITH A
REPUTATION
to live up to!

MEN USE

Menyl Equine

circles with

water and many

more an amazing

vaso-dilatory effect

that is vital for one

summer day! (Try a

water and many

more an amazing

vaso-dilatory effect

that is vital for one

summer day! (Try a

water and many

more an amazing

vaso-dilatory effect

that is vital for one

summer day! (Try a

water and many

more an amazing

vaso-dilatory effect

that is vital for one

summer day! (Try a

Items are available and convenient either in 15 or 30 minute Lette 3 hours to
expansion 14 (14) New up with from World Laboratories, B.C. & P.B., Lette City
N.E.W. Males in plain wrapper

WOMEN



BLANCHE
d'ALPUGET
CONDUCTS...

THE TREATMENT



The new "Sun" column that gives the treatment to everything under the sun

DON'T BLAME ME, BLAME THE SYSTEM, weeps **DAVID McNICOLL**, the voice of Sir Frank's Daily Telegraph.

The views expressed in this column are not necessarily those of the writer. The view expressed by the Daily Telegraph are not necessarily those of its readers.

I've never believed anything I've written. I've



never been allowed to write anything I believed I believe nothing. No one reads what I write anyway. Help me, I'm a hark

THE TRUTH IS NON SECTARIAN

generalists
Archbishop Gough,
Greek Orthodox lay
Preacher.

The outline of contraceptives in the unusually tight jeans of these lovely Victorian youths aroused Rev. Gibson to passionately admonish them with his hand.

I don't often agree with members of the opposite church, but the splittings



in this case were surely God ordained and no doubt released the pent up emotions of the Reverend. I'm God ordained too.



OF FLOP UTZ OUT, purrs **JOHN PRINGLE,**

The roof mustn't leak! The building must fulfill its function! Utmost is a genius but can he keep the rain out? His resignation is a sad but wise decision.

Another sad but wise decision is Holt's compliance with American

editor of the **Sydney Morning Herald** and part-time liberal.

military strategy. It's a pity that 20-year-olds must be sacrificed to help support an unpopular, despotic imperial Government. But diplomacy before morality, a few hundred deaths before American Indians.



IT'S A YOUNG WORLD, says **GOUGH WHITLAM, 49,** Member of Parliament.

Whatever anyone else says (and they've said it often enough to us, haven't they?) I say that the future is in the hands of our young. We are the Wilsons, Kennedys and the Caldwells of the future. (More specifically, I am.) No matter what role in life your past may have lived you for (and that is a

I NEED THE TREATMENT,

I promise to tell the truth, the whole truth and the police tell every thing but the truth. So help me! God, I don't know what's wrong with the Victorian police. Maybe it's just me. Maybe it's all the people like me that drag the Force down and out into the glare of publicity.

long past) it is up to YOU to make your own way and push, push, push. You may push into temporary oblivion but don't worry,

the future is always ahead. I know that I have a great future ahead of ME — somewhere, sometime, somehow.

TREATMENT'S TREATER,
by **BLANCHE d'ALPUGET, 42,**
re-written.

I begin with a short sentence!
Yes, that's what I do



by **M.B. X, 43,** official police informer and turncoat.

The quality of police informers is abysmal. They are unreliable, psychotic, dishonest and hungry for publicity. I'm glad to give "THE TREATMENT" to people like me and I'm positive that the Force feels exactly the same.

And so do all the other "Treatments" writers! Cost rational? No. We all have short sentences, gimmicky punctuation and my lovely jokes.

Do you know why...? Gosh! That's right, it's because I re-write all that brilliant young minds send in. Fancy — we give them absolute carte blanche. Gosh Blanche d'Alpuget, that is



The group movement that is not spontaneous and is perhaps unique to interpret the post-war era is the cultural movement in Britain which has been said to have a 'new class'. This class is known by a number of glibly inspiring names. Chief of these is the "Welfare" Society. Its members are those of Negro intellectuals slightly modified. This is in fact an in-between group, almost black, before the fashion map is in. Money is in. Worrying about it is out.

And yet this is not just another tool by which the younger generation protests its superiority to the one that went before it. The social heroes of the class are not a group but a collection of unconnected individuals, each one involved in his sphere, which culture in itself is camp, chic and most important, professional.

This collection, dubbed the "Switch-On Set" (the slogan is to get not television) serves the same function as figured out in the 1960s. It is a class for the young. Notably there are no titles. Rather they are the dark side, of course, an artificial elite ruling manufacturers and the commercial machine, only occasionally possessing the glamour that makes them noteworthy. The better role ends. At last they were elected to their position, not because of skills, rather than lack. Even if the skill was only making money.

Beneath this tiny elite lies the comfortable mass of the New Middle Class — better educated, more cynical, more commercial than the one below it. The younger, better dressed, more worldly. Sophisticated. Travelled. Rather inconsiderate. This is held in awe with the Gernon, the French, only superior to the Sales, laughing derisively at the vulgarity of the

American. And, of course, sharing the group through the New Intellectuals.

From this group has come some of the best designed, most loved popular magazines in the world today. This is not remarkable per se, except when we think of the different levels of sophistication in Germany, Italy and Britain. And the British sophistication is often really forth-coming, a tremendous breakthrough.

From this group too has come on audience and a managerial machine for a popular music industry of most robust proportions, both aesthetically and commercially.



It is a peculiar and mysterious aspect of the English character that it can often accept philosophy, however of dangerous intentions. The British commercial machine, bereft of colonial markets, had to turn somewhere to keep production up. Like America, it turned to its youth. Unlike America, it offered the youth to find define the type of culture it wished to have. The music of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, the Animals and The Who is inspired by the cultural region of the urban folk music of the American Negro. It seeks this region with British ideas of harmony,

harmony and colour, to create a music that is both popular in the commercial sense, and of real musical interest. The best of it serves as functions, to suggest happiness, inspire dancing. Often outstanding tunes contain real drama or pathos.

Most recently both the Beatles and the Rolling Stones have begun to incorporate elements from other, older musical cultures — the use of the ancient mono-chorded Indian sitar, Hammond Organ effects, string quartets. These additions not only add texture and colour variety combined with consistently creative song-writing, they amount to a music which satisfies all the requirements of a serious folk music in its widest sense. Today's folk being both urban, in the main, and in far greater control of their environment than ever before.

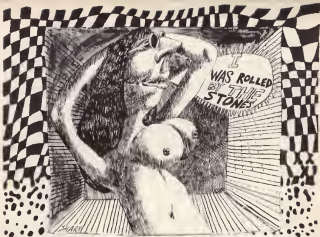
It is, by the way, the New Intellectual which causes psychologists to express grave doubts for the future.

This group, often as much as a decade or more younger than the members of the other strata, are different from early working generations only in their using of the modes and attitudes of the middle class enlightenment group.

They are still dominant leaders, regrettably, grouped by their cultural biases and made fun of by their social superiors. And yet in their planning, directed and individual before a world of heavy incomprehensible forces, lies perhaps the greatest threat to European civilization.

On the good side, their desire for all its excesses, extensions some aspects of individualism, role conflict and a large degree of chaos, brute rebellion against the world of parents and past.

This group traditionally viewed into problems by the development of the



hyper-male characteristics of brutality and hyper-female traits of coyness and fang-baiting. Today's gender poles may place their respective early adolescent conflicts in obscurity. But they do live. And I can see no better way to submerge the atrophied deviant urge than prolonged and continued heterosexual satisfaction.

This group is becoming less derided economically — also culturally — and this is a healthy sign. That it must remain the victim of ideological expansion of unnecessary and quickly redundant "luxury" goods is sad. It is not catastrophic. And yet this group is the most primitive of the new primitives.

defining cultural manifestations. And its aim. Money is its overt (and possibly veiled) god. While love is taken as a birthright. It is the spirit of the Negro which inspired this radical shift in Anglo-Saxon cultural attitudes, precisely as it was the talismanic power of Africa which inspired Picasso to paint the picture that metaphorically (and practically) destroyed the hold of the renaissance Classical ideal on European art.

The flagships of sexual satire again? Far all to well! They had been opened 37 years earlier, however.

Mahler in 1880 wrote an Adapa wata

ment in his last symphony which he wished to call "Funeral March". It was a wild, riotous, vulgar, brilliant, cynical parody of the author's musical and social background, his own earlier love songs and the popular music of the day. It scandalized Brahms.

In regarding the desperate, nearest lookings of his soul in a manner of once witty and shaking Mahler was a Hitler.

Picasso, in a kind passion of intellectual love and dark discovery was as much a hater as the Nazis. It had to be the British though. The Europeans were still too aware of the antithesis of being to fall back, live and sink for the self-hate that creates such brilliant aesthetic artifacts or such fatal revolutions.

In their intellectualism, their lack of reason, their selfishness, the members of the "Witch" Society are "switched-on" to nothing more terrible than the pure life instincts out of which the human imagination was slowly fashioned. If conservative England presented man as a Centaur's head, then this one merely accepts man as a headless Centaur. But, one member of course, both are partial. Only the latter is at the beginning of the imaginative cycle.

In the Technological Era when folk culture will create the balance attesting the human and/or of an autistic world of things it will re-express the indelible human urge for order and unity in a new series of styles, dictated by the eye. Not Hux! This has all happened before! Does a really matter whether the central spirit is Caucasian or Negro or simply human? It will still follow the same path.

What WERE you saying about the End of the World?

Adrian Rosebush

QUEEN

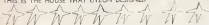
FOUNDED 1961 VOLUME 222

Look of cultural communion invariably breeds hatred, prejudice and social disruption. Despite the spirit of synthesis which animates the music of the British pop-culture imitators, despite the breakdown of rigidity between seen culture and philosophical, there is still a vast system. Its differences utterly smooth whatever health could occur from the superficial homogeneity of teenage fashion. A bottom dog in tomorrow's world is best to a king today in today's world.

Attention seized this new social distribution and perfected its healthy self-



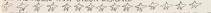
THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED



THESE ARE THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED



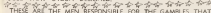
THIS IS THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED



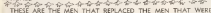
THESE ARE THE BUNGLES THAT SWELLED THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED



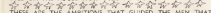
THESE ARE THE GAMBLERS THAT FINANCED THE BUNGLES THAT SWELLED THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED



THESE ARE THE MEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GAMBLERS THAT FINANCED THE BUNGLES THAT SWELLED THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED



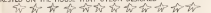
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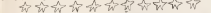
THESE ARE THE AMBITIONS THAT GUIDED THE MEN THAT REPLACED THE MEN THAT WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GAMBLERS THAT FINANCED THE BUNGLES THAT SWELLED THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED



THIS IS THE ARTIST WHO THREATENED THE AMBITIONS THAT GUIDED THE MEN THAT REPLACED THE MEN THAT WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GAMBLERS THAT FINANCED THE BUNGLES THAT SWELLED THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED



THESE ARE THE TACTICS USED AGAINST THE ARTISTS WHO THREATENED THE AMBITIONS THAT GUIDED THE MEN THAT REPLACED THE MEN THAT WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GAMBLERS THAT FINANCED THE BUNGLES THAT SWELLED THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED



THIS IS THE RAT THAT ADOPTED THE TACTICS USED AGAINST THE ARTIST WHO THREATENED THE AMBITIONS THAT GUIDED THE MEN THAT REPLACED THE MEN THAT WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GAMBLERS THAT FINANCED THE BUNGLES THAT SWELLED THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED



THIS IS THE HOUSE CREATED BY THE RAT THAT ADOPTED THE TACTICS USED AGAINST THE ARTIST WHO THREATENED THE AMBITIONS THAT GUIDED THE MEN THAT REPLACED THE MEN THAT WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GAMBLERS THAT FINANCED THE BUNGLES THAT SWELLED THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON HALF-DESIGNED



LETTER VOTES
CULTURE
\$50,000,000.00

16 DYNAMITED PEBBLES
ROOF & SLOPE
NO CAR PARK

OZ HOUSE LOTTERY



GLORY VOTES
OFFICE



NO CO-OPERATION
NO FEES



HOW TO GET A TOP PRICE For Your SOUL

Join the advertising industry. Here unskilled workers can earn more money than doctors, politicians or nuclear scientists. Education is not essential for a successful career — it can even prove a hindrance. There is no apprenticeship system (many top executives have never worked in the dispatch department) and creative talent is redundant.

JOIN JOIN

If you are an underpaid clerk, an overworked greenrooper, or an idle dolt, then you should consider the opportunities offered by a career with an advertising agency. You could be an Account Executive or a copywriter. There are other occupations within an agency, such as layout artists or media consultants, but these require semi skills.



Advertising is the art of selling. First, the aspiring Account Executive must learn to sell himself. His job is to mediate between the client and the creative department. A good Account Executive is liked by the former and tolerated by the latter.

He must seek client approval for the advertisements created by

the agency.

"Let's run it up the flag pole and see if the natives salute" is not the way Account Executives talk. It is the way they think. It means, "let's kiss the client's arse and see if he likes my ad, baby."

If the client likes the ads, the Account Executive rises in his prestige and thus his position in the agency is consolidated. If the client doesn't like the ads, the Account Executive usually avoids censure by blaming an irresponsible creative department.

The client is never wrong. A good advertisement is one that is approved by the client. If the client likes the advertisement but it fails to sell his product then the agency is at fault for its bad media strategy. If the client disapproves of an ad which is accidentally inserted and it is effective, then, although the ad is still bad, the product is fabulous. The Account Executive must learn to smile in the face of these interpretations.

He must also learn to smile in the face of his creative department when he is rejecting their suggestions.

NICE, VERY NICE

Though he will only do this mentally. Antagonistic copywriters and artists are of no use, so an A.E. must learn how to accept artwork and copy from them smilingly with one hand, and shove it in the dust bin with the other. Later he can tell his creative team that the client canned the ads.

In reality he could never afford to show clients ads that are risky, otherwise the agency might get canned. That's why even if an imaginative, original, well written and aesthetic ad is done, it is never shown to the client. Its novelty would offend him.

Don't be deterred by the seeming sneakiness of this occupation.

There are many perks. You can help select models for television and magazine ads, you will be able to take the clients to expensive and chic places on the agency expense accounts and you can ride taxis for free.

At Christmas time "fun" ads are often prepared for clients. You can pressure the agency's most used photographers to round up some delectable young girls. The anxious models don't like co-operating but they need your business the following year.

The "fun" ads you prepare will be of no fond in some cases the client) hanging around with the models, fingers on hips, arse, etc.

Often you will get discounts on the client's products. This can mean cheaper cigarettes, whisky, cosmetics, motorwear and so on. This almost compensates for the fact that you are required by agency managements to use clients' products exclusively. Account Executives have been fired for smoking non-client brands, or cigarettes of agency liaison meetings.



Just as the Account Executive has to ingratiate himself before the client, so there are many ap reservations from the press, radio and TV who will kiss your arse. These people want you to place ads for your clients in their media. They will give you presents at Christmas and remember your birthday. Treat them gently. One day they might become clients.

Despite the money (\$120-\$180 weekly) you might feel that the image of an A.E. is too mundane for you. After all, you might want to sport a gay beard (this is frowned heavily on by management. Some clients do not like beards), wear zippy suits and camp it up a bit.

You will have more freedom to develop a "with-it" personality in the creative department of an agency and in some circles you will have more prestige. Try being a copywriter.

THE

THE AUSTRALIAN LONDONER The LONDON Australian

I've been in London for nearly 5 years now. Yes of course I miss AUSTRALIA the SUN the BEACHES the SURFING.



I've been here 6 months now and I must say I REALLY adore it. Orstraglia, a really wonderful

little country. Actually I'm looking for a job on a property, Governor or something... Why YES I have some MARVELLOUS addresses. Had a wonderful seaside holiday at PORTSEAHH marvellous people too.

the PARTIES - PALM BEACH is QUITE Delightful you certainly have the loveliest gels in the WORLD. SO BROWN and RIVETING. A TREMENDOUS Contrast to LONDON. Surelay. Sure

The Surbarbia - Spiritually SUFFOCATING. The censorship. The Surbarbia. I was in a furrow. I HAD to get out, travel.

So Refreshingly naïve and FRIENDLY. Soooo HEPIDABLE. MARVELLOUS WOMEN. People you Australians. REALLY I'm NOT joking. Your Sense of Humour HO HO. What as a matter of FACT my Uncle is a DUKE but DON'T BREATH A word Prince Charles? a darling.

seek my muse. Yes I'd like to go back... for a HOLIDAY of course. pick up some material, but I couldn't stay long... My home's here now.

My friends. my career my life. here in fulfilled. I'm a success, in Australia I was nothing - DEAD here in LONDON in ALIVE.

RECOGNISED. I've carved a place for myself. Here... in London... in London... in London... where else could you move 700 poker worked boomerangs a week.

A MAD MAD world we're Father said if I didn't come here he'd CUT off my allowance. SOOO I'm really looking forward to acquiring a GOOD position. your father has a property? A certain Mr. I'd LOVE to meet him too... as a matter of fact I'm just staying in tonight. YES AUSTRALIANS ARE SOOOO LOVABLE.

I was nothing - DEAD here in LONDON in ALIVE. RECOGNISED. I've carved a place for myself. Here... in London... in London... in London... where else could you move 700 poker worked boomerangs a week.

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KNOCK-KNOCK WHO'S SQUARE

Funt, preezy schoolies. There's an old favourite of mine in the Long Tall Aunt Sally Department, so let's go.

It's schoolie and a larnin' handbaggy, wingers. I mean all you wotabuck jobs in Dad's firm long in the handy bag shop in the jagg old school. Con. Terepores of mine, let's look back at the cupcups dears of our lives. I mean behind the wined walls of the old Alvin Midway, which Amer. for the Old School which is English for the better School, which is N. Shoreline UP SCHOOL, which is King's School dearest as far as I'm concerned for right up to the elbow with the lot of them. The whole class education thing is yess, sort of a love of old schoolie, refo. John better-Lar-ran, the adult soft link. And now I'll drum you in with some vague reminiscences.

We used to have chapel two times a week, nine for noncommuniants, and there was a comp master (one was sacked last year, but they kept it pretty quiet) and I'd be the last person to say that headin' school's encourage. Unfortunately, I mean, look at me. Last thing is, they devalue before relationships, so it's the same thing, only different. As well, at least this edu. one all the sons of old boys who get there. Well, sort of. At the end I went to an Assisted School. They're the ones who didn't make it to the GPs, well anyway that's the failure rate of the Leaving Certificate was higher than the State average. That's really something and a real bon-goo, considering the four hundred dollars a hour you pay, consider. Of course, very course, for that small sacrifice all back uni. For there are such things benefits as compulsory credit, compulsory football, old time religion, Kathia, learning. And at the end of it all you have the choice of joining, you wait for it, the Old Boys. You can actually pay them money, and that entitles you to buy it, the old school. So there you can wipe whichever headie entice you like with it—I mean, that's a personal opinion.

Quite a bit don't get printed in the Old's notes in Skool. And, but here's a bit more. One did a sketch in Long Bay I'm told, seemed to want to up down daddy's cars and sell the parts. The daddy went to his father and he asked the cronies. I remember that he used to shooie. I've school when he was a support in their pants. Another lulu. I put after some of our specialise. The left under a cloud named up in a push pub, all the but people the pants into bins and he told me he was gonally employed as a note printer, free is up and a big lulu. But of course that was before the dollars came in.

This is all too weird, I won't continue, I mean, I don't want to sound g-proffered for the Acknowledges it gave me.

PETER DRAFFIN

Those who have heard the voice of Wayne Newton—and mistake it perhaps for that of a bag-frosted gal—should not be misled.

AUSTRALIAN INTERNATIONAL NEWS REVIEW

16 OZ March

ON STAGE

HO! NO!

HO! NO!

HO! NO!

ON STAGE OZ

EVERY SUNDAY TWO
NIGHTLY 7 PM. AND 9 PM.
ADMISSION
BY PROGRAMME 12/6
PROGRAMMES FROM PAULING
ON STAGE OZ

DJS OZ
BW7633
AT DOOR



MRS. CALWELL'S DIARY

Yet another "baiter" ready for years truly here at 30 Bondo Street? When will it all end, I wonder? Arthur seems to think it will all be over very soon but I really think that he's being a little pessimistic.

Of course, he only says these things to me and I'd hate them to get around, Dear Diary, but he has been very downcast over the last few weeks. Nothing seems to cheer him up. When the radio man announced our wonderful victory in the Queensland seat I rushed into the kitchen and just blurted out the news to him but it only seemed to make him feel worse for some reason.

"Arthur," I said, "we've won the election!" He was running some campaign leaflets at the time and he just looked up at me with that beaten look. I knew so well that all our years of campaigning together.

"But Arthur," I said, "it's your victory. You began the campaign." "Yes," he said, "and Whitten finished it." I tried to tell him that it was his short opening speech that did it, but he just kept saying things like "Whitten's Cause" and "I'll mother-don't let him" and on and on and on putting me down up and down the passage like a selfish man.

I'm very worried about Arthur's health at the moment. For a man of 39 his worries are sometimes too much for him and then if he flies into a rage he secretly does not and then he throws things and stomps up and down the passage like a selfish man.

He gets in these moods especially if one of the boys does something and doesn't tell him about it beforehand. My, the work he said to Graham Freudenberg — he's the one who wrote Arthur's books — well, I don't like treacherous Jews, Arthur, especially when they have mothers that tell such rather low lies, but saying it to the man's face!

Arthur would usually keep thoughts like that for a time when the boys weren't about but when Graham insisted Arthur was gradually fit to be free!

It was such a pity because we were a very close-knit group — Grou, Arthur and myself. When he wasn't reading up on something at the leading library or helping Arthur with the election Grou would make himself extremely useful about the house. Many of the time our towels have been out or the washing brought in by Grou. He was a model para secretary in many ways although he was almost terribly modest about the effect his study would have on public thinking. When Arthur sat down to write Grou's writing into accessible form for his speeches and books, he would often tell Grou just what to help he was.

But as Arthur went on with his distractions Grou would just get more and more modest. To hear him talk, you'd think he didn't write a single word!

Of course, though, the biggest event of the month was Grou's nervous breakdown.

I do feel so sorry for his wife and four lovely children but I suppose he was bound to lose control sooner or later. Arthur is more sensitive than most when it comes to seeing nervous conditions in others and he has always said that Grou had these delusions of grandeur. And now they have overwhelmed what used to be a very sweet personality. Poor Grou.

As I write Arthur is trying to break him into a sanatorium well away from Connaught and Adelaide because being near the hospital makes him particularly unmanageable.

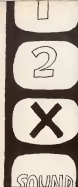
Unfortunately many test homes exist that few doctors must satisfy him before admission to a closed ward can be arranged. Arthur will try every avenue to admit Grou before subjecting him to this painful business. As he says, he can get seven of Australia's top political minds to say that poor Grou is unbalanced to who do they need two doctors? Dear me, it is sad indeed. Here he was, all set for a good steady career as deputy opposition leader and now this happens.

As it is now I feel Grou's Arthur is afraid that Grou's disease has spread in some



funny way. He didn't like the look of Alan Foster as the news the other night and I must say that even I thought Alan was saying some very strange things. In fact, twelve of them seem to have caught it from Grou — and very badly, too. Arthur was saying just last night that Grou seemed to think he was Jesus Christ and the rest imagined they were

his disciples. At first he thought that he had better go along with this "baiter" and began arrangements for a sort of motive — day crucifixion of Grou. It was the only thing that would satisfy them, he said. For a while it did seem to be the only thing but then soon a little better now Arthur hopes he'll soon be able to wash his hands of the whole business.



OPENING SHOT: The American Eagle swims into the title of this screenplay.

CUT TO: A bed. MOM and DAD caddy on a cotage for us to hear while the camera shows them from all possible angles in a parody of the beginning of *Weekend Update*.

MOM: Honey?

DAD: Yes, dear?

MOM: Could I ask you something?

DAD: Of course.

MOM: Well — it's just that — you don't seem to have your heart in this foreplay tonight.

DAD: Well, you heard what the President said on television. That we should all at all not go to bed one night without asking whether we have done everything we could do that day to win the struggle in Vietnam.

MOM: I'm sure he didn't mean that. Men, after all, don't.

DAD: Well, I take it literally, I can't help it. I want to do something.

MOM: They already are doing something.

DAD: It's always day. Never see, I want to feel involved in the world situation.

MOM: I'm going to tell you something, sweetheart, and I want you to listen carefully. I'm getting sick and tired of a married relationship that has to serve as a barometer of international tension.

DAD: Oh, come, now, it can't be as bad as all that.

SON — we having breakfast. DAD is reading the newspaper. SON is trying to get his attention.

SON: Say, Dad?

DAD: Xantha behind him shows him un-derlining with a pen certain lines in an editorial I had a minute. See the words, "That's so true" in the margin? Yes, what is it?

SON: I was thinking about what the President said on television last night about Vietnam.

DAD: And you felt you wanted to partici-pate in some way?

SON: No, I don't want to kill any Viet-namites.

MOM: And you certainly don't want any Vietnamese to kill you.

DAD: Look, you don't have to kill anybody directly. I have a friend of a friend in the Defense Department. What with your ROTC credits, I think we might be able to get you into their special Military Adviser training programme.

SON: Dad, what I'm trying to say is that, as far as participation goes, I mean where I — me — where I could really do something concrete. Well, what I was thinking of was the horrible danger lurk-ing only ninety miles from our own shore.

MOM: You mean Cuba?

SON: No, Moscow. I'd like to go there this summer.

DAD: But son, it's dangerous down there.

SON: I know that, but I've been doing a lot of real thinking, and, Dad — Mom — I — I've decided to become a water transportation worker in the Soviet Union.

MOM: Oh, God, how have we failed?

DAD: Now you listen to me, you have no business going to Moscow.

SON: But Dad —

MOM: Oh, God, where did we go wrong?

DAD: Don't tell Dad me. If you were really concerned about winning rights, you'd want to go to Vietnam and do something about assuring free elections there.



DAD: This means it's not going to be a meaningful experience again?

MOM: It's never a meaningful experience any more. It's just a straw we go through each time.

DAD: I'm sorry, but — do you realize how heavily committed we are?

MOM: Darling, that's what marriage is all about. Total commitment.

DAD: No, no, no — I'm talking about how heavily committed we are in Vietnam.

MOM: Oh, all you ever care about is what's going on in the world. Don't you care more about my feelings?

DAD: Ah, you ensure that we now have 750,000 troops over there?

MOM: I don't care if the whole American Army is over there.

MOM: Oh, yes it can. The day they built the Berlin Wall, a banner went up be-tween us.

DAD: I couldn't help it. I was suffering from universal guilt.

MOM: Nonsense. You were suffering from a severe case of unrequited nationalism.

DAD: Sometimes you feel like a German sympathizer.

MOM: And then there was Korea. The day they crossed the 38th Parallel, you be-came impotent.

DAD: It was only temporary. I regained my virility.

CUT TO: Close-up of a rooster. Immediately following the words "my virility" in pre-vious scene, two slices of toast pop up. MOM's hand reaches for them. The family — MOM, DAD and college-age



MOM All right that's enough — almost no arguments this morning (To Dad) Anyway, you've got to get to the office (To SON) And if you don't hurry you'll be late for class.

SON And what are you going, Mom? MOM I think today I'm going to report some obscene mail to the postmaster (DOORBELL rings. Mom answers door. It's the mailman. He gives her mail. She looks through the mail.) Ah, yes, here's some more of it now. (Looks at what appears to be photos.) *Ugh! disgusting!*

SON Can I see them, Mom? MOM Certainly not! They're obscene photos (Heeds her telephone.) I'd better make an appointment right now. (Begins dialing.)

CUT TO A telephone ringing. The postmaster picks it up, brings it to his mouth. As he speaks, camera moves back to show him sitting on desk.

POSTMASTER Postmaster speaking, yes, ma'am, yes, two o'clock this afternoon would be fine. Oh, Ma'am? please be sure to bring the obscene mail with you. well. I'll see you then. thank you goodbye. (Hangs up. Then looks his shoes and rubs his hands together.)

CUT TO, Attentive, elegant-age GIRL, talking to SON, on campus. (GIRL) I just don't wanna get involved. SON Look, I'm not asking you to *wanna* me. I'm not even asking you to go steady. all I want you to do is go on one

body jabber. She with you? MOM (Offstage) Secretary's voice says "Yes, sir."

DAD After you finish typing out those sales orders, I'd like you to do a little research for me. I want you to check into the height of the average Viet Cong.

CUT TO POSTMASTER'S office. MOM enters. He then the window shades down. candlelight soft music on phonograph.

POSTMASTER Do you bring the obscene mail?

MOM Yes. POSTMASTER You show me yours and I'll show you mine.

CUT TO GIRL. I just don't wanna get involved, that's all.

CUT TO DAD. You see the average height of a Viet Cong took a four foot seven inches. are you sure?

CUT TO MOM and POSTMASTER dancing. CUT TO GIRL. Can't it just mean now is the movie after the demonstration?

CUT TO DAD. I have a shocking suspicion that some of those so-called Viet Cong I've seen on the news are actually Black Chinese soldiers.

CUT TO POSTMASTER. You wanna play Russian roulette?

CUT TO GIRL. Look, I'll print your placard for you, but that's as far as I go.

CUT TO DAD. They must be smuggling them in through Mexico.

CUT TO POSTMASTER and MOM necking furiously on his desk.

CUT TO GIRL. I told you, I don't go on for you.

CUT TO Close-up of a strange man's face. He is a RAPIST. He is talking to his VICTIM.

RAPIST I'm going to rape you. VICTIM To sweet little old lady. You just want me for my body.

CUT TO POSTMASTER'S office. He begins to undress MOM. She squeals in a fearful way.

MOM I'm going to report you to the Postmaster General.

CUT TO SON, moaning girl's ear and mumbling into it at the same time.

SON Please, you don't even have to carry a sign or anything. I just want you to be with me.

CUT TO RAPIST. Promise me you won't betray me.

VICTIM Oh, yes I will (screams.) He's promised account, personal account—He's help. I'm being sexually assaulted—help! She keeps this up, a parody of Black terms on *The Banks*, and a crowd gathers around them, being careful not to interfere.)

RAPIST I love you. VICTIM Years from now when you talk about this.

CUT TO Dad, walking along the street, muttering to himself.



and DAD's reaction, over which we hear his inner voice each time we return to the scene of the rape. His strain clearly visible.

DAD'S Voice Why is everybody just standing around and watching?

This is a different from Vietnam — there's a personal chance for personal involvement here. Nobody else is doing anything about it. Why don't you? You've been wasting all your life for an opportunity like this. Go ahead! Go on! Go on! How?

DAD ignores the crowd and pounces on the VICTIM, pinning her mouth, and robbing of her undergarments. The crowd gasps and yells its encouragement to him. The crowd suddenly turns into cheering spectators at a football stadium, where the



DAD Where the hell on Communism too with his wife!

CUT TO POSTMASTER (screams) You're giving me a hard time.

CUT TO GIRL. You can do whatever you want the way to SON, I won't protest. SON I know you've demonstrated with other guys.

CUT TO VICTIM. Her dress has been torn off, and she's wearing old-fashioned pantaloons, etc. Dad walks by and joins the crowd watching. He speaks to a

MAAM in the crowd.

DAD Excuse me, what's going on here?

MAAM Rape in progress. (We now have a *Psyche* like series of quick cuts back and forth between POSTMASTER and MOM between SON and GIRL, between RAPIST and VICTIM.

which is now taking place of approximately Second Base. The noise of the mobsters gets louder and louder, reaches a fantastic pitch, and then.

CUT TO Close-up of MOM, in the kitchen.

MOM (Screams) Help!

Ideal goes into the bathroom, and washes her hands. As he is about to dry them, we see two towels on the rack. One is inscribed WE and the other is inscribed THEY. At this point the SON appears in the bathroom doorway. Before we see which towel DAD reaches for the picture freezes, as if he and of the SON freeze. During the whole scene—obscene scene, we hear music — the theme to which POSTMASTER and MOM had been dancing — we hear it faintly at first, but it rises to a crescendo of the tension. We never find out which towel!

ALL THE BEST POP FOLK HEROES DEVOUR BINKIES

ALL
KIDS



BINKIES
DRIVE-IN
RESTAURANT
212 ELIZABETH
STREET

OTHER FOLK HEROES
WHO DEVOUR AT BINKIES
THE PHANTOM
NANCY-MAINDRAKE
DR. GOUGH
THE WIZ-
ARD OF ID
PRINCE
VILLANT CHARLIE
A GOGO